

Second Edition.

4:00 P. M.

A SOLEMN SCENE.

The Assemblage in the Rotunda.

The Nation's Dead Surrounded by the Nation's Representatives.

Another Account of Mrs. Garfield's Last Visit.

Scenes About the Capitol Grounds.

Sorrow and Grief on every Face.

Another Account of Mrs. Garfield's Visit.

When the rotunda had been cleared, and the solemn procession, headed by Mrs. Garfield and Gen. Swanwick, approached the casket, Mrs. Garfield threw her veil one side, and calmly and courageously walked to the upper end of the catafalque alone. The lid had been removed and the flowers pressing closely around it were held back by the undertaker in charge.

Mrs. Garfield softly stepped upon the platform, and looked down upon the face of her dead husband without comment. She gazed upon his features about a moment, and then

The Tears Which Could Not Be Repressed. began to flow, sprinkling the dead man's face. A piteous sob escaped from the breast of the noble "little woman," and after leaning over the corpse she

Imprinted a Kiss Upon the President's Brow and fell back weeping and sobbing painfully. Harry and Mollie Garfield viewed the remains next. Neither kissed their dead father.

A sickening stench prevailed, and it was more than they could stand. They simply looked at the dead man and then retired, gathering close to their mother and

The Three Wept Silently. while the rest of the party took a last, hasty look at the very much discolored features of the dead President.

The party moved away slowly and soon disappeared. The lid was placed on the coffin again and the heartrending spectacle ended.

Assembling for a Solemn Procession. The marching and counter-marching of troops, Knights Templar and civic societies through the streets this afternoon furnished food sufficient to entertain and interest thousands. All of the local militia and local commanders, with Beausant Commandery, of Baltimore, were out and presented an interesting sight.

These, after marching around for some time, proceeded to the Capitol, fell properly into line, and awaited the signal for forming the most solemn procession the country had ever known.

Immense Crowd at the Capitol. The crowd around the Capitol was immense. All the many doorways were thronged way out to the streets, and it was with the greatest difficulty that persons entitled to admission could force themselves through. Senators Bayard and Camden came to the doorway of the Senate wing and could not get in. They walked a little way down the terrace and attracted the attention of clerks in the office of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and chairs were handed out to them, and they were able in that way to climb in through the window.

A Tribute from Baltimore Templars. While the preliminary arrangements were in progress, just before 2 o'clock, Beausant Commandery, No. 8, K. T., of Baltimore, arrived and filed slowly through the rotunda, passing around the casket, at which they made a short stop, while a large and beautiful mallee cross, composed of tube and Marshall Neil roses, and having a smaller cross of immortelles on its face, was deposited at the head of their dead frater just beyond the small platform placed there for the officiating clergymen. The Knights Templar remained only a few minutes and passed out the east door, which was the same by which they had entered.

And With They Come. The Baltimore & Potomac depot presented an unusually lively aspect to-day. Every train brought crowds of strangers into the city, all eager to witness the funeral demonstrations.

The majority of the arrivals had apparently not visited Washington since July 2, and many were total strangers and all were anxious to view the spot where Garfield received his death wound. Crowds were constantly in the ladies' waiting-room, and the officials and better-informed citizens were busy pointing out over and over again the exact positions of the principal actors in

The Great National Tragedy. The few persons who saw the shooting were compelled to tell their story repeatedly to breathless, horror-stricken auditors, and Officer Pat Kearney narrated again and again the details of the assassin's capture.

On the Avenue. The sidewalks were blocked by a moving multitude, while the curbs were lined by an endless row of people patiently waiting for the last view that they would ever get of the casket containing the honored remains, and take the last opportunity for doing homage to the nation's martyr.

The Order Preserved. was almost wonderful. Many of the stores were closed, and the fastidious and draperies of crêpe had increased in number since the remains arrived here. Many men and women wore badges of black or miniature portraits with appropriate mottoes.

Around the Capitol. All the approaches to the Capitol from the west were crowded with people long before noon. The long flagstone avenues and steep staircases served as resting places for the people on the east front. The people being prevented from going into the building, they seemed content to sit or stand, crowding and hot under the piercing rays of the sun, waiting for the demonstration of the evening.

Senators and Representatives.

The Senators present in the city met in the Marble room of the Senate at 2 o'clock, and proceeded in a body to the rotunda, where seats had been assigned them on the north side of the coffin. The Representatives met at the same hour and marched to the rotunda and took seats opposite the Senators.

Assembling for the Services.

The doors were opened at 2:10 o'clock, and the crowd that had massed at the east entrance began to pour in, and it was not long before all the seats reserved for the public were occupied. The members of the Chinese Legation, in full Court Dress,

were the first of the diplomats to arrive. They were specially followed by other legations and by the officers of the army and navy, in full uniform, and their bright and showy trappings contrasted strangely with the sombre habiliments of death with which they were surrounded. The scene was a

Grand and Solemn one and will never be blotted from the memory of the spectators. The central piece was the elegant casket, containing all that is mortal of the late lamented President. The elaborate floral decorations set off the casket and added beauty and sentiment to the scene.

The Guard of Honor. consisting of ten members of the Army of the Cumberland, stood like silent sentinels at the side of the catafalque. While the crowds were pouring in and finding their seats,

A Bat Came From Some Secret recess in the rotunda and flew around in long circles just over the heads of the people, soaring higher gradually until it got high up in the dome, and continued its spiral motion up and down the entire swell of the dome during the religious services.

The majority of the seats were occupied by 2:30 o'clock. Those for the general public were all taken, and many ladies who had pushed in had to stand up or took chairs assigned to others. Most of the Diplomatic Corps, the officers of the army and navy had also arrived by that time.

Among those given seats assigned to the family were Mr. Pruden, Mr. Hendley, Col. Crook, Mr. Balway, Dr. Boynton, Col. Corbin, Private Secretary Brown, C. O. Rockwell, Warren S. Young and their families.

The Musical Portion of the Ceremonies. The music was a feature of the sad occasion. It was under the leadership of Prof. Gieseler, and consisted of an anthem from Mendelssohn's oratorio of St. Paul, "To Thee, O Lord, I Yield My Spirit," and two familiar hymns, the favorites of the deceased, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" and "Asleep in Jesus."

The following is the list of the singers: Soprano: Mrs. Dayton Ward, Mrs. Dr. Winter, Mrs. Myers, Miss Eva Mills, Miss Minnie Ewan, Miss Lois Mygatt.

Alto: Mrs. E. R. True, Mrs. Bodfish, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Erank Middleton, Miss Nellie Smith and Mrs. Morse.

Tenors: Mr. John Pugh, Mr. Will Burnett, F. A. Wilson, Herndon Morsell, Mr. Dorr and Mr. Fendall.

Basses: Mr. G. H. Taylor, W. P. Dunwoody, Frank Pearson, Harvey Kohr, Dr. Lewis and Mr. Hickox.

The singing was distributed throughout the programme as follows: The ceremonies began by the opening anthem from the oratorio of St. Paul, and was sung by twenty-four voices, then a scriptural reading, followed by the singing of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," was followed by the singing of "Asleep in Jesus," which concluded the musical portion of the ceremonies.

Business Suspended. Business was very generally suspended this afternoon while the ceremonies at the Capitol were in progress. Everybody flocked to the Capitol grounds or to the Baltimore & Potomac Depot to witness the procession. All the streets, except Pennsylvania avenue, were comparatively deserted.

James R. Garfield on the Way to Mentor. WILLIAMTOWNSHIP, Sept. 23.—James R. Garfield is much better this morning and will leave for Mentor at 1:30 p. m., in company with his room-mate, the son of his father, and a party of friends. The funeral services will be held in the chapel on Monday.

Railroad Robbery in Arkansas. NEWPORT, Ark., Sept. 23.—Five headless young men boarded the Iron Mountain Railroad train, last night, and at the muzzle of pistols, they forced the express messenger to open the safe and took out \$18,000, and robbed the passengers of \$30,000. Gov. Churchill and the railroad company has offered \$25,000 reward for their capture.

PERSONAL. A. GIRARD and M. Bertout, of the French Legation, are at Wormley's.

THE CRUELlest THING said of Oscar Wilde, the "aesthetic," is that he plagiarized from Walt Whitman.

W. G. MILLER, E. M. McCormick, A. Rust, W. Shields and L. W. Taylor, all of Virginia, passed successful examinations as candidates for cadet engineers at Annapolis yesterday.

The following members of the New York Stock Exchange are at Wormley's: F. N. Lawrence, J. D. Smith, J. V. Bouvier, A. Wolff, Jr., R. G. Murphy, E. A. Drake, D. T. Walters, S. J. Harriott, G. L. Haybit, S. V. White and J. Bonch.

The following is the list of the Philadelphians who arrived at the Riggs House this morning: John F. Hartman, James R. Gates, John McCollough, John Carpenter, T. M. Hammett, D. Schellinger, A. Grace, O. B. Collins, W. H. Lex, D. Wallace, A. Albright, J. S. Miles, M. S. Johnson, and A. J. McLeary.

The issue of the *American Exchange*, which reaches us by to-day's mail, we find the following Washingtonians registered in London: Capt. H. H. Doty, formerly post owner of Sunday *Gazette*; Mrs. and Miss Livingston, Messrs. J. E. J. Vail, I. P. W. Van Laer, N. Paige, T. A. Connolly and Anthony A. Connolly.

The War Department. The following was issued from the War Department to-day:

WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington, D. C., September 23, 1881.

Ordered: The War Department, its bureaus and offices, will be closed to public business on Monday, September 26, which day has been appointed by the President of the United States as one of humiliation and mourning, when the remains of our late President, James A. Garfield, will be consigned to their last resting place on earth.

The public business of this Department will be continued on Saturday, the 24th instant, at the customary hours.

By order of the Secretary of War, H. T. CROSBY, Chief Clerk.

EXTRA

GONE FOREVER

From the Scenes of his Greatest Triumphs.

With Tearful Eye and Sorrowing Heart,

Washington Witnesses the Departure.

Respect to the Memory of the Dead

Shown by an Almost Countless Multitude.

A Remarkable Sight.

Years will elapse before Washington witnesses such a sight as we have had this afternoon, and let all hope that it may never again come from such a melancholy cause. The act is over.

The curtain has fallen on the Washington career of James A. Garfield. The streets which he had trodden in the early days of the war, and the Avenue which he had won by degrees into beauty and symmetry (like his own improving public character), will know him no more.

But the scenes in which he was so prominent an actor, and the particular spots that have witnessed the triumphs and the tragedies of his long career, will remain landmarks of history for all time to come, and children who to-day formed fractions of the vast multitudes of mourners will repeat the story and describe the sad occasion when we are dead and gone.

It occurred to thousands who thronged the Avenue to-day that Washington was favored by circumstances in being the theatre of great events. How many millions of people from one end of the country to the other have envied to-day the privileged few in the United States who could witness the funeral cortege of the nation's chief?

Not even at the time of the inauguration was there such an immense concourse of people on the Avenue. They seemed to spring from the ground as if by magic, incited by motives of sympathy and respect. Where they all came from was a marvel.

Even allowing for the troops that came from the neighboring cities on all the morning trains, it was still hard to account for the human mass that poured down the side streets and surged in solid phalanx along the Avenue over the entire line of march.

The overflow spread through the grounds of the Capitol, and at the eastern front, whence the body was to be borne, nothing could be seen but a surging sea of upturned faces, anxiously awaiting the commencement and the close of the ceremonies. It is useless to dwell on any estimate of the numbers who witnessed the last scenes. Perhaps it would be safe to say that over 200,000 men, women and children, representing all classes and conditions, were gathered together on this momentous occasion.

As on Wednesday last, there was the same silence and perfect order. Militiamen and regulars, with reversed arms, the army and naval escort in full uniform, the sombre hearse and the long line of carriages. The arrangement could not have been more perfect. The ceremonies concluded, the march began down the historic hill, and all was over. Funeral strains, sad hearts, bereaved thousands. And when all had passed, the crowd surged homeward.

It was indeed "the sad victory of death swept by the rustling manœuvre of life"—a sentence which the dead statesman admired, little fancying he would ever point moral.

It is Friday, the day of superstition. It was also Friday when the late President was borne in triumph along the Avenue to the sound of huzzas and notes of martial music, to enter the Mansion which has been to him and his so fruitful of disaster.

On both events the elements seemed to grant their sympathy.

On the morning of the inaugural sky was heavy and murky; but when the triumphal march up the Avenue began, the sun came brilliantly out and the scene was gorgeously in keeping with the day. This Friday, which ended the sad scene, opened brilliantly, and the sun went under a cloud when the march down the Avenue began.

But through the mists and the summer shower, a rainbow spanned the eastern sky immediately over the dome. Did it mean to tell the thousands below that out of the mists of sorrow come the rays of a national hope?

Waiting at the Depot and in the Streets. Throughout the entire day the streets were thronged with people. Pennsylvania Avenue was a sea of faces and forms, and about the Capitol a human ocean surged in almost limitless numbers.

Densely crowded trains from the East, West, North and South lumbered into the two depots with their living freight. The entire city was out of doors, and hundreds of country wagons, with jaded horses and crowded with occupants, jogged into the city from the adjacent counties of Maryland and Virginia.

Long before the commencement even of the funeral obsequies, the Baltimore & Potomac depot began to be thronged with people—men, women, and children—and by 3 o'clock the jam was intense in that vicinity, all earnest and bent upon witnessing the departure of

The Dear Dead President forever from the city that loved him so well—that held him as one of its own. Wagons, carriages, vehicles of all descriptions, and thousands of people who found it futile to remain about the Capitol congregated about the depot. All classes were represented, and all present altogether lost sight of everything else save the expectation of the remains of the dead President. Women and girls climbed into the windows, men crowded and jostled toward the front, the roofs of houses thereabout were thronged with

intensely expectant faces, and yet without

A Solemn Silence pervaded the scene and its surroundings. Not a harsh word was spoken, not a rude expression was made in all the vast multitude. Men talked almost in whispers, and women remained mute as they awaited in painful expectation through the hours for the funeral cortege.

Mrs. Garfield Not at the Funeral. Mrs. Garfield was so overcome by her grief that she did not attend. Neither did any other of the family. The President and his Cabinet arrived at 3 o'clock. They entered the north door, and were shown to the front seats reserved for them. As they entered there was a stir in the crowd, and everyone arose to receive them. President Arthur came first with Secretary Blaine, and was followed by ex-President Grant and ex-President Hayes, arm-in-arm, and Secretaries Hunt, Windom, Lincoln, Kirkwood, and Postmaster-General James with their families. The crowd kept standing until all had arrived, and taken their seats when, at a given signal, they all

did likewise. The President occupied a seat at the head of the casket with Gen. Grant and Gen. Hayes at the opposite side, and was followed by ex-President Grant and ex-President Hayes, arm-in-arm, and Secretaries Hunt, Windom, Lincoln, Kirkwood, and Postmaster-General James with their families. The crowd kept standing until all had arrived, and taken their seats when, at a given signal, they all

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was the crown of his character as well as the assurance of his safety. It was this which made his life to man an invaluable boon, his death to us an unspeakable loss, his entry to himself an inheritance in corruptible, undimmed, and that faded not away.

He was no sectarian. His religion was that of the religion of Christ. He was a simple Christian, sound by no sectarian ties, and wholly in fellowship with all pure spirits. He was a Christologist rather than a theologian. He greatly loved the character of Paul, the Apostle of Jesus. I have heard him repeat from memory nearly the whole of the matchless oration before Agrippa, comparing the translation and the original with great skill. I have thought that some of the Pauline spirit of boldness and gentleness, blended, rested upon him.

He had great reverence for the family and relations. His example as son, husband and father is a glory to this nation. He had a most kindly nature. His power over human hearts was deep and strong. He won much to him. He had no enemies. The hand that struck him was not the hand of his enemy, but the enemy of the position, the enemy of the country, the enemy of God. He sought to do right, manward and Godward. The call of duty was absolute with him. He entered upon his high office at its mandate. He said to me: "You are glad that I am here. I feel, however, supreme satisfaction from the ready and obedient service which he rendered to this ruling principle. Because of his actions needed no explanation and no apology. Of him I can only say: 'I should feel the heavy burden of each day as best I can, I cheerfully await whatever result may come, feeling that the responsibility rests with me.' It was in this spirit that he met wounding, wasting, death and his God. It is an example that will live. Like the opposite mirrors in the east room at the White House, which reflect and reflect in turn, the President's life and the life of the nation are reflected in each other. We can now estimate. He fell at the height of his achievements, not from any fault of his; but we may, in some sense, reverently apply to him the words spoken by the Lord: 'He was wounded for our transgressions;